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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, MAY 7th, 1964

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The Summer term has brought with it an increase in gambling in College. It is known that there are several flourishing card schools which play regularly, and sessions which last all night are common. Most of these take place in rooms, but many of the players travel in from outside College.

The amount of money involved varies considerably, and it is impossible to provide a satisfactory average figure. In some cases large sums have changed hands. An undergraduate who played in a game with outside businessmen is said to have lost £900 on one night's play. Another ended a session £220 down, after having won more than £120 at an earlier sitting.

After most games, however, the amounts won or lost by individuals would probably not exceed £20, though many have been losing £4 or £5 regularly, so that their total losses are considerable, especially in view of the fact that many of the gamblers are living on County Grants and can ill afford to lose anything.

One student said that he has lost the money which he would otherwise have spent on going to the Trinity Ball, and that he now intends to risk his rent money in order to try to recoup his losses.

The promptness and method of payment differ a great deal. Some schools demand that all bets be backed by cash or that they be met by cheque at the end of an evening's play. In others, however, credit is extended, so that some players amass debts which they cannot hope to pay, but which they continue to increase with the hope that their "luck" will turn.

It has also been reported that some of the schools deliberately

try to induce new players to play unfamiliar variations of poker, in which it is difficult for the beginner to become proficient, with the result that most of them lose heavily.

THEFTS:

3 CHARGED

Three Trinity students have been charged with stealing from rooms in College. Two of them are on bail of £10 each and are to appear in court on May 14th. The third student is also on bail, and is to be tried on May 21st.

The two to appear on May 14th are charged with having stolen fourteen bottles of wine from the Dining Hall. The third student is charged with the theft of a number of articles, including two typewriters and several dress suits. A number of pawn tickets were found in his pocket. People who have had objects stolen recently have been called to a set of rooms in College to identify some goods which were suspected to be stolen property.

A reliable source has denied that any of the three charged are involved in investigations into thefts from the Gym or thefts of money from College at all.

VOX POPULI

The President of the Eliz., Fiona Wright, has been complaining about "the insatiable curiosity of certain undergraduates to know who the next President of the Eliz will be." It seems that the parties and other social activities attended by members of the Committee of the Society are being spoiled to the point of becoming unbearable by these amateur politicians who are in the throes of their annual fits of election megalomania.

In order to stop this, Miss Wright wishes to announce that next year's President of the Eliz will be Miss Melissa Stanford, there being no eligible opposition candidates for the post. Nominations and postal elections are in progress for the other Committee places. Miss Wright asks all would-be candidates to "shut up."



—Photo "Irish Times"

Mike Bogden, Jim Norton and Tony Doyle in a scene from R. B. D. French's revue "Patterns." See page 3.

HONORARY DEGREES CONFERRED

Next December, the University commemorates the bi-centenary of the founding of the Chair of Music. The first Professor appointed was the Earl of Mornington, father of the 1st Duke of Wellington. To commemorate this event the University has invited the present Duke of Wellington to the celebrations, and the Senate has passed the Graces for a number of honorary degrees, three to Irishmen who have helped Irish music and one to an overseas composer of international fame.

Michael Tippett, who represents international music, is to receive a Doctorate in Music. He is a composer of considerable talent, writing the libretti for his vocal works as well as being a philosopher. Such works as "A Child of Our Time," "Concerto for Double String Orchestra" and the operas "A Midsummer Marriage" and "King Priam" prove him to be one of the greatest English composers of our time.

Of those doctorates to be given to Irishmen, one is to be conferred on Joseph Grocock, B.Mus., F.R.C.O., who is best known in College as the conductor of the Choral Society and is also a distinguished organist and composer whose works have been broadcast on the B.B.C. and Radio Eireann. He is the national music organiser for the Foras Eireann/Carnegie Plan for the encouragement of musical activity in Ireland and administrator of the Dorothy Mayer Foundation.

The other Mus.D. is to be given to Dr. Aloys Fleischmann, Professor of Music at University College, Cork, who is a well-known composer, and whose works have been performed in Europe and in Canada, and has played an outstanding part in the musical achievements of Cork. He is the author of a symposium, "Music in Ireland," the first book of its kind to be published.

An honorary degree of Master of Arts is being conferred on Michael McNamara, A.R.C.M., L.T.C.L., who is director of the Dublin College of Music where he has made a very important contribution to its development and to the high standard of string playing which now exists in Dublin.

The End of "Yes"

After a selling expedition to Cork "Yes" is now calculated to have sold 12,000 copies. This means an income of at least £1,200, which may be counted as a successful and useful total for the debut of the magazine. However, from this will be taken the cost of the posters and of staff petrol and coffee. Moreover, £40 is being charged for a last-minute printing adaptation. Also 1½d. import duty was imposed on each copy brought over the Border from the Belfast printers, amounting to £80. It seems as if the expense ratio is rather high and that by no means "all" will go to a good cause.

Next Week: Conor Cruise O'Brien

Next week "Trinity News" publishes the first part of an exclusive interview with Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Ghana. The subjects cover South Africa, the United Nations, democracy in Africa, and Ireland's rôle as a neutral nation.

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Vol. XI

Thursday, 7th May, 1964

No. 16

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University cynics call May "Breakdown month." The nervous tension that has been building up since the first day of our first lecture term becomes unbearable. A few have what is technically called "a nervous breakdown"; some find their concentration going to pieces, others find themselves losing interest and move into a state of depression. Whether success or failure results, one thing is certain: Exams, and in particular Finals, can and do leave nasty scars.

Now what is College doing about the mental welfare of its students? Psychiatrists are available on a doctor's instructions. If a student wishes to have a consultation he, or she, must first contact a doctor, discuss the issue at hand, and then if the doctor agrees contact the recommended psychiatrist. It is a long, unwieldy process. Officially logical, but hopelessly impractical to anyone suffering from a mental disturbance, however slight. This is not to undermine the work of the College doctors. But to-day psychiatrists are recognised and accepted without question. They are the specialists in a world which is fast becoming more specialised. Many major Universities have already appointed resident psychiatrists. The time has come for Trinity to do likewise.

The overruling question is: "Does Trinity need a psychiatrist?" The traditional image of this University is easy, social, unhurried. In five years the emphasis has moved from the social to the academic. Entrance requirements are stiffer. Courses wider. Exams harder. The tempo of life is moving into line with the age of the "technocrat." With this movement so the stress and strain of university life increases.

Sex and religion are the two major driving forces in life. Between seventeen and twenty-five the intensity of attaining sexual maturity often plunges to unbearable depths. The continual throwing together of sexually sensitive young people cannot produce an easy atmosphere. There are bound to be moments of unhappiness, loneliness and frustration. In most cases natural resilience is defence enough against serious consequence. But for the few the vital rationalisation towards sex is utterly unattainable. They deviate from the norm into a world of prejudice; a world which prohibits freedom; a world which sets them apart.

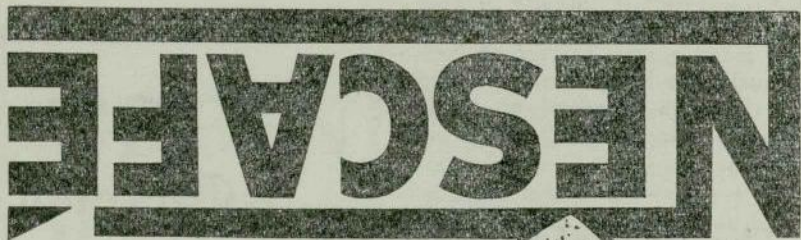
Psychiatric medicine, in at least some stage of treatment, is concerned with helping the patient to help himself. "It is a co-operative effort, in which drugs and physical treatment may play a part. As long as the patient knows he is ill and faces the problems of the real world, he is able to co-operate."

Although the numbers of mentally ill in Trinity are small, it has been estimated, in general, that 30% of all sick persons are suffering from minor forms of mental ill-health, which do not call for institutional care, but nevertheless cause personal misery and social inefficiency.

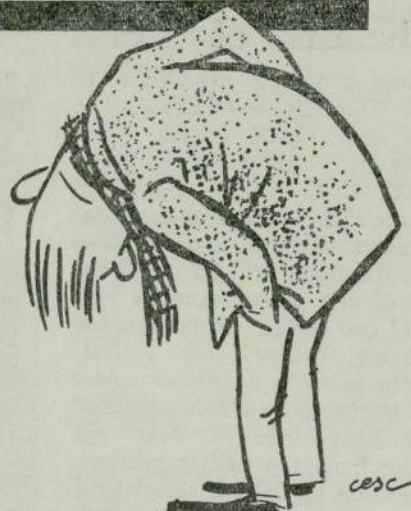
Whether it is the importance placed on academic success, the necessity of being accepted into one of the many cliques, the urge to create a character, or the ever-present problem of sex, University life has an uneasy and unnatural quality to it.

Mental activity depends on physical conditions, and mind and body must not be considered as separate entities, but as together forming a whole.

We have specialists to consult for physical illness, but no one who can be directly consulted for mental imbalance. This is a gap which should be filled at once.



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SN417

There is nothing of the Scholar Gipsy about Jennifer Greenleaves. She reminds one of the elegant world of Kind Hearts and Coronets where life was one long garden party and nobody ever considered the possibility of rain. If a recamier sofa were installed in the gallery of the Reading Room she alone would not look out of place on it and would succeed in concentrating on her Machiavelli until assailed by the indefatigable hunters of that vicious circle.

After narrowly failing to get a place at St. Anne's, Oxford, she entered College as a student in General Studies, sat an examination in Latin and within a term moved into the Mod. Lang. School to read Honours French and Italian. Her academic achievements since then—double firsts and Schol.—might suggest a down-to-earth book-worm, but far from being down-to-earth she always seems to bounce a few inches above it.

Her enthusiasm for her subjects, for Old French and Dante in particular, is completely genuine. She is sometimes wrongly suspected of being an intellectual snob and parading her learning when in fact she is only too honest and sensible to bother camouflaging it.

She seems as English as a Jane Austen heroine, but has never lived in England. She was born in Florence and spent her childhood in Italy, Morocco and France where she went to a convent and passed her Baccalaureat with distinction. Then the family retired from the diplomatic circles of Europe to the wilds of Kerry. For several months before coming to Trinity as a young "visitor," in Jamaica she acquired a lasting taste for "sumshuous" living.

Few people can have gone through College, become universally popular and yet remained unattached to any particular clique. Someone meeting her for

JENNY GREENLEAVES

the first time might remark how very straight she sat, as if remembering the instructions of an exacting Nanny, and find her manner slightly formal and superior. When she is shy there is something of the Grand Duchess about her. When relaxed she gets a mischievous glint in her eye, giggles wickedly and often in all innocence, makes the most outrageous remarks without immediately realising their significance. Friends find it difficult to speak of her without seeming to exaggerate; to them she is a unique source of sympathy, sincerity, amusement, extraordinary kindness and infectious optimism. When hit by depression she keeps the fact to herself. To lecturers she represents an imperturbable Circe likely to take the wind out of their sails. But basically she is not as sophisticated or self-confident as she appears to be and frequently belittles her own ability. This does not prevent her from risking antagonism by thinking independently and expressing her opinions with spontaneous and even naïve frankness. In argument she sometimes give the impression of being dictatorial but would be horrified at the suggestion that she was "laying down the law."

She likes the austerity of pre-Renaissance art, enjoys all music from Bach to Beate, has a child-like passion for ice-cream, is thinking of taking up falconry, and, despite the Florentine tea-parties, never drinks tea. She has written for the Mod. Lang "Review," "European Patterns" and "Icarus" which she edited last term, and for the past year she has acted as the first woman

secretary to the Scholars' Committee.

Perhaps, like St. Patrick, Jennifer Greenleaves may really be several different people; the pigtailed Diana flying over the Wicklow Hills close on the heels of the Shankill whip in pursuit of Jim Magee's beagles, or throwing darts with violent inaccuracy (though said to be a crack shot with a rifle) in a Delgany pub, is a very far cry from the decorative creature who carries a basket around College looking as if she had just stepped from one of Watteau's gardens. The Mountjoy maiden gazing out from the heights of her villa and day-dreaming of some Oriental Camelot cannot be reconciled with the pyromaniac of the Buttery who sends unfathomable smoke signals from piles of yogurt cartons and empty cigarette packets; the aspiring National Velvet or the cloistered scholar, burning her candle late into the night while she pores over Boccaccio. Yet there are three outstanding qualities common to all these characters: warmheartedness, charm and unparalleled generosity.

Her decision to go into Industry after she has taken Mod. next autumn, instead of doing research, has surprised everyone. She has accepted a post in Shell which will give her scope to develop her literary talents. Some of her friends will go with her to London. For those left behind the prospect of College without her is like being sentenced to a prolonged and rigorous diet.

Due to circumstances beyond our control, the profile picture will appear next week.

THEODORA THRASHBINT

Theodora sat in the Reading Room with the legions of the grey men amassed around her. The rain dripped down depressingly. The atmosphere was decidedly soggy. Putting the thought of work out of her mind she strode determinedly away. She left the grey men to sag soggily over their books, and with relief did the same over a vodka martini instead. "Exams? A clerical error," she muttered.

There were no fairies at the bottom of William Clarke's and Gillie McCall's garden on Saturday night. Instead a washing-line drip-dried the gin-soaked which was really far more practical. Caroline Western wafted out to find Doug Halliday and Patsy Harvey forming a delightful pastoral scene, and Nina Boyd trying to keep warm with a lilac sprig. Charming Chuck Hirsh told me about his rotting gums, Julian Matthews was more interested in sausages. Paddy Johnson was busy enlarging her circle of intimate friends. David Stock was an ineffectual being

rude as he is when he tries to be polite, but Douglas Wright was gallant to one and all. Rachel Woods had no comment to make on the recent royal births.

The Royal Hibernian Hotel was an ideal setting for Clare Morrow's 21st on Friday, and to grace the surroundings came a splendid cross-section of Trinity life. Andrew Gibb was diligent in filling the ladies' glasses, Caroline Stamp was in search of an elusive Hall-mark, while Michael Newcombe surveyed the proceedings, detachedly at first, with eagle eye. We were later confronted by quite a startling array of delicacies, to the especial delight of John Wilkinson. Tony "Always the Gent" Weale gave up his seat to a lady, but continued to entertain us from a squatting position. Pat "I wanna know your name" Stokes had his attention divided between all the lovely food and all the lovely people. Stephen Ryle's grin broadened as the champagne flowed. Altogether a most pleasant evening.

Trinity Hall had a face-lift on Friday for the annual Ball which was held this year in a marquee in Greenane garden. The increased space, combined perhaps with the smell of the tent, brought out the animal spirits of the company. Teresa Smith, looking lovely in pink, tried valiantly to cope with Max Lewis who was proving a handful. Bill Fuge was in very good form and Anne Brambell danced with Colin Smythe. Liz MacGowan wore white, Caroline Neale wore brown and Rosalind Meiggs wore a suntan.

Supper was successful at small candlelit tables, the garage became a fisherman-type bar and the band was superb. A proof of the superiority of the party is the fact that at least 50 per cent. of the gate-crashers this year were lecturers. So good it was that no one wanted to go home. Al MacDowall and Hugh Teacher ended up entwined with red streamers and there were cheers for the Warden.

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The Carnival

The 1964 Carnival of Nations opened on Monday last at St. Anthony's Theatre, Merchants' Quay. Organised by the Dublin University Association for International Affairs, its proceeds will go to "War on Want," the Keynian International Children's Camp, the Irish United Nations Fund, and a Dublin charity providing a meal and a bed for those in need.

The Carnival is produced by Laurie Howes, Chairman of the D.U.A.I.A., and compered by Robert Serumaga, who said that he felt like a television commercial coming on between the acts. Students from ten countries took part; the prettiest act was that of the Malaysians who weaved a dance with a flutter of fans. The Israeli dancing was well backed and rehearsed, and full of life. Mauritius was as gay as usual, and the Trinidad Merritones were another colourful group. Wolly Alakija and his Nigerian friends played High Life among other things, but it was a pity they were grouped so that it was impossible to see how the High Life was danced. The Wordie Jones Quartet had a shirt pushed into the base of their double base and played some careless modern jazz.

Representing Ireland were Maeve Sheridan on the harp and Rosemary and Howard; their loveliest song was an African lullaby which they have just recorded. Whitcomb's Concert Party was undoubtedly the best act of the evening; Ian Whitcomb topped the bill on the yukeleli, Norrie Boulting in a pork pie hat and Ian Milton in a Pop hat sang Concert Hall songs, and Ann Heyno as a bar maid sang sad songs. Only two of the Outer British Isles showed up, but Trevor Crozier gave a fine rendering of "Coshier Billie." In an act entitled "Out of This World," Oliver Langley took his traditional part of the Junior Dean, and acted an African scene with Robert Serumaga.

Three items on the programme were not performed; the Carnival spirit is not evidently back from the West Indies, and David McNeil and his Glen Men might be anywhere. But the Carnival was quite long enough. It was slicker than last year, and perhaps by being so, lost something of its spontaneous gaiety. The audience did not react easily—with an aware audience the Carnival might well achieve its character of last year.

C. W.

1964 Committee

FIRST PUBLIC MEETING

An address by

ROBERT MATHEW, M.P.

Parliamentary Undersecretary
for Foreign Affairs

8.15, No. 5, T.C.D.

FRIDAY, 8th MAY

Coffee, 7.45

DAVID AND LISA



—Photo "Irish Times"

Paranoiac, Psycho and Strait-jacket are all glossy magazine-type films which deal with mental illness. *David and Lisa* does more than deal with mental disturbances, it explains and involves the audience in the semi-world of neurosis and psychiatry.

It was made by an American group comparatively inexperienced in feature films for a privately raised £20,000. The story centres on David (Keir Dullea) who believes that the slightest human touch will kill him, and Lisa (Janet Margolin), a schizophrenic whose only means of contact are by child rhymes. Howard Da Silva as the sympathetic psychiatrist encourages their relationship, and as it

deepens so comes hope and a chance to return to normal.

If the film is to be faulted it is in its socio-documentary approach to the background of David. The snob bother and ineffectual father are more a part of T.V. hack drama; but the sensitive and careful unfolding of the story is not irreparably damaged by this.

The cinematography is unpretentious and the montage of clocks in the dream sequence superb. The long shots from the tops of buildings and the slightly overworked close-up are the only hints of cliché. The acting is fresh, uncluttered and entirely sympathetic. *"David and Lisa"* is a memorable film in a minor key.

M. G.

NOT SO PRETTY
PATTERNS

"Patterns" at the Gas Co. Theatre is hardly fifth rate, but neither is it first rate. Judged by Dublin standards ("Say Nothing," "Tête at Eight," "In a Nutshell") it stands up favourably. OK. I know Dublin revues stink, but after three years you get attached to them, like an old man to his one-eared, one-eyed, one foot in the grave mongrel.

The sketches chosen from R. B. D. French's revues, 1939-'63, range from the embarrassingly bad "Country Cottages"—social comment misfired—and "Nobody at Home" sentimental monologue to the brilliant "Green Little Island" and "Reich Turn"—Germans debunked.

The comedy situations are clever but unfulfilled, the satire is marshmallowy, the humour is without affectation.

The show is put across with verve and the cast have as much fun as they can. Often I suspect more than the audience.

It is worth a visit just to see Jim Norton who proves to be one of the really funny and talented revue actors in Dublin. M. G.

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midnightSketchorama
in Players

Last Saturday, Players performed the Herculean labour of a continuous revue which started at 5 p.m. and ended at 11.15 p.m. The considerable effort involved can be said to have been well worth while. Naturally enough, the show was dull in parts, but the overall impression was good.

A show of this sort can hardly be said to have a beginning or an end, so without further ado I shall discuss the extracts from Ian Whitcomb's projected "Tin Pan Alley" first. By its very nature as a history of a popular song between the 1880's and the First World War, this part of the evening had to adhere to rather restricting limits and these constraints were brought out in the performance. However, "Sweet Adeline" by the barber shop quartet and "Red House Rag" provided two of several highly entertaining musical diversions.

"Tin Pan Alley" was followed by extracts from the very successful two-year-old revue "Feete." Some of the scripts have not stood the test of time too well, but George Baboon's attempt to win thousands of pounds on a television quiz show still remains

one of the funniest sketches seen in Players in the last few years.

After "Feete" came "Soho Fayre" and with it, with all due deference to the other performers, a more professional air filled the theatre. Of many sketches which remain in the memory, Ralph Bates's three-legged man, Chris. Serle's impatient customer at a restaurant and Jo Van Gyseghem's "My operatic old man" were the pick.

B. R.

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NEARYS

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Jefferson Horsley on The Stagnant Society

"Socialism is Dead!" This remarkable statement I heard in the Buttery only last week and even if it does not seem to reflect the trend of events in the British Isles it seems to have a certain amount of truth in it as far as this rich, affluent University is concerned. There is no doubt that the once-flourishing Fabian Society has reached a low ebb. Attendances are down—only 13 turned up to a meeting on the problems of Housing at which three members of the Dail spoke—interest is nil—despite the frenzied efforts of Chairman Comrade Darley—and the whole intellectual atmosphere in College seems to have been channelled into other streams. Indeed to be branded a Fabian nowadays evokes no more than a shrug of the shoulders and a polite "How interesting" from those around. In the days of Blease, Downing or Lysaght, Fabians were abhorred, mentally spat upon and the mention of politics was enough to engage anyone on the pros and cons of Nationalisation or the merits of tolerance in a University in which Communist subversion is rife.

But not only has this decline been noticeable in the Fabian Society itself but also in the external activities of the liberal-minded there has been more apathy than usual. The rumpus over the plight of the itinerants and the attempted boycott of Buffet seem to be the only Fabian inspired activities that have taken place during the present academic year, a sad change from the innumerable leafleting campaigns and C.N.D. marches. No weekend schools have been organised and that statement "Socialism is dead" must be ringing in the conscience of those former members who have deserted the ranks to lead more respectable lives.

But why this decline? Why this lack of interest at a time when politics must be fresh in the mind of all of us who are going to vote for the first time this autumn? Is it because we are all moving right? Is it because we've never had it so good? I think it results from two closely related

reasons. It seems unlikely that in fact we are moving Right as more and more people are becoming disillusioned with the Establishment or the powers that be, so the answer will come from a non-political source.

Firstly, a lot of energy that at one time would have been devoted to the cause of Fabianism has been turned into more philanthropic channels which are manifested by such activities as Famine Relief Week. It has usurped the position formally held by the Fabian Society in its external field. It is less exacting mentally as it appeals directly to the pocket and not to the mind, and, of course, is free from all the rancour and distaste that the Socialists generate. It is a "worth-while" cause, providing thought for food, but nevertheless not acting as a stimulant to making us think how these problems are to be finally resolved. (The assumption here is that only politics can, in the last analysis, resolve such a vast problem and that Famine Relief Week and ancillary work can only temporarily alleviate it.)

Secondly, I think that the absence of personalities like Blease and Lysaght does not help the Society. This is not to detract from the present committee who, I am sure, are hard-working and industrious, but who lack the provocative qualities that Blease and Lysaght had. Both of them generated a passion inside people, whether man or woman, whether political or non-political, that became almost a love-hate relationship. In the world of politics it is important to have people who are forceful characters, who have zest, who are prepared to be outrageous in their actions and provocative in their speeches. I feel that perhaps the Committee is too innocuous at present and I look forward eagerly to the new academic year when that old war-horse Bob Mitchell will be in control and hope that he can enthuse a new dynamism into the Society so that all politically "starved" students will again be made to think.

Stephen Mendoza on

FAMINE RELIEF— The Final Solution

Maybe you know already some people are hungry? Frankly, who cares? **Population Explosion, Protein Shortage**—you know, terrible, insoluble problems, but Oxfam and people like that are doing really heroic work and our effort will make a real, if imperceptible, difference—we've done something, we recognise the problem.

But the problem is not what we can't do. The problem is what we won't do.

Population Explosion

Biological populations such as bacteria, rats, men, tapeworms and other such creatures have their potentially geometric increases limited by ecological factors. Man has temporarily suppressed the ecological factors and is temporarily realising his geometric progression.

His Population will be Limited

Let us consider how:

- "I am a potential child,
I am going to be limited,
The variety of processes for
my disposal is overwhelming."
- 1. Marital chastity.
- 2. Contraception.
- 3. Abortion.
- 4. Infanticide.
- 5. I am born, I eat, grow up, eat,
procreate, eat, eat, eat, ea...
Thousands like me do the

same. More of us are born than for whom food can be produced. I may be one of the few who do not starve, but others are killed in the riots, plagues, over-cultivation famines, etc., caused by those who do, limitation is thus improved in the long run.

- 6. Various groups exchange nuclear bombs. I and a number of bystanders are on the receiving end.

Let us review these processes:

- 1. I have touching faith in the forked animal.
- 2. "God don't like it."
- 3. "God don't like it."
- 4. "God don't like it."
- 5. A very natural and beautiful process involving good old-time tested methods and entailing much good old suffering.

You be the: Judge, jury, hang-man, hung.

The protein two-thirds of us aren't getting consists of:

- (a) Food that doesn't exist.
- (b) Food that is some place else.
- (a) Is due not to technological inadequacy but, like (b), to economic imbalance. The resources of earth are sufficient to maintain her present population, but are concentrated in restricted areas. Were they to be evenly

distributed, the inhabitants of the areas of concentration would suffer the considerable reduction in standard of living entailed by the concentration of economic energies in supplying the basic needs of those members of the population at present dying for lack of them. In other words, effective famine relief is nothing more or less than dirty, bloody Communism and those who advocate it are trying to undermine the most sacred principles of our way of life—**democracy and free enterprise!**

Good people, they are enemies of society and it is at your peril that you tolerate their presence among you. Liberty, I know, is most sacred to you of all, and all of you are aware, I hope, that I am the last who would try to impair it, but I must warn you that there are times when society must defend itself. When its very foundations are threatened and it must fight with all it has and more for its bare right to exist. You are free men—your fathers fought for that freedom. Many gave their lives. Now you must fight. What matter it a few million starve—democracy shall live. But we must stand united in our common interest. **And, staunch in the face of overwhelming masses that oppose us, unanimous and unwavering must be our NO.**

Yours etc.

Bill Hutchinson on getting into the correspondence columns

There are some people who like to refute ideas expressed by other people. It gives me pleasure to do that before as wide an audience as possible, for the more who listen to what I say, the less is the frustration to which I am subjected, and the greater becomes my esteem for myself. Thus I write letters to newspapers.

Success in my occupation demands adherence to certain guiding principles with regard to technique. Thus it is clear that one does not write to the "Daily Telegraph" on paper embossed with the insignia of the British Communist party. Conversely, one does not write to the "Daily Worker" on the margin of the back page of the "Daily Telegraph." It is difficult to define precisely the rules that are to be obeyed, and all I will say is that they should be varied according to the papers to which these missives are directed.

Local papers with small circulations and even smaller staffs may be addressed in a fortuous on crumpled paper bags, but for those published on a more elaborate scale it is essential to obtain the use of a typewriter. Here again, technique is important, for while one may write to the "Guardian" with each "a" printed one-sixteenth of an inch above the word of which it is a part, correspondence with "The Times" should preferably be electrically typewritten, and it is advisable to lead the editor of that paper to believe that one occupies a top position. Thus I invariably end my briefs to him by putting W.R.H./j.c.s. in the bottom left-hand corner.

While a regard for the above rules will usually insure that one's letters are printed, public acclamation requires a certain subtlety in choosing the topics on which comment is made. Undergraduates in the School of

Economics will not usually win kudos by entering a discussion on the possible harmful effects of water fluoridation. Such scribblers would more profitably spend their time in attacking the amusing protests made by their local city fathers against sensible proposals to close down subsidised railways that run through their native villages. Or aspiring political scientists can point out that Britain's entry into the E.E.C. will not automatically mean the end of Ulster's "civil and religious liberty" together with the liquidation of all the Billy men between Belfast and Ballycastle.

It should be clear then that the scope for discussion is enormous. The newcomer to the pastime who is anxious to achieve early success would do well to begin by writing to the "Evening Press," signing himself a "simple working Catholic father of twelve." But the beginner should remember that he does not live in Trinity College.

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TRINITY NEWS EXCLUSIVE

THE NEW MESSIAH

The facts and beliefs behind this new claim

Cheltenham is a quiet English country town, set in the rolling Cotswold hills. It is a town where dynamic Burton-suited businessmen go for conferences; a town where tweedy Cotswold ladies gather in the spacious hotels for morning coffee; where retired rheumatic majors wheeze their way down the promenade and where three thousand of the English middle-class send their children to be educated.

Just four miles away from this friendly, uncomplicated life, a small group of people are raising the new Messiah. Led by a Canadian woman, Patricia Shaw, who at one time wrote "off-beat" plays which never quite made Broadway, it is the home of Religious Spiritualism.

It was just after the war when Patricia Shaw (as she is now called) came to Britain and began to practice Spiritualism to the full. After some years she put forward a claim that she was in contact with the spirit of George Bernard Shaw. The relationship grew with the years until a marriage between spirit and medium became inevitable. This presented problems, since she was already married. Her husband, who had bought their rambling mansion outside Cheltenham, left. Last year he appeared in a Bristol Bankruptcy Court, and is now working as an ice-cream salesman to pay off his £30,000 debt.

Not content with a spiritual marriage on an entirely mental level, Patricia Shaw, after a respectable period, claimed that her marriage with George Bernard Shaw had been consummated and that she had given birth to a child who was the new Messiah. This child, a girl named Felicity, is being instructed by George Bernard Shaw, through Patricia Shaw, as the medium for Jesus Christ.

The first booklet of these teachings is called "The Principles of Complete Christianity," and is

a manifesto of Spiritualism. It is, we are told, a bare introduction to later books, including "The Intelligent Person's Guide to the Kingdom of Heaven," but it has a vital task in preparing the way for the New Aquarian Age, known as the Age of Women or the Age of Enlightenment.

The first glimpse that we have of the New Age is of the spiritual world where souls will find art galleries, concert halls and libraries. (G.B.S. is reported in a completely different seance to have said that he is still writing plays which he thinks are getting better and are performed on the other side!) But the beliefs that are expressed in this booklet are an eccentric combination of the absurd and frighteningly logical. Of the five principles discussed, the first three are examples of arguments that go round in circles: "The soul, as a part of God, evolves through many lives in order to reach perfection. Each soul is subject to the Law of Karma (Action and Reaction) and misfortunes are due to Karmic debts having piled up during previous lives; good fortune is the result of Karmic credit!

Each soul, it is claimed, is guided to fulfill its ultimate purpose by a "Guardian Angel." "All the exalting, souls-stirring music, poetry and literature has been dictated by inspiring spirits, note for note, and syllable by syllable to the inner ear of God's instruments. All that is mediocre is the product of the incarnate human intellect."

This theme is developed when she says: "Handel's 'Messiah' (by Handel's own admission entirely transmitted by automatic writing—no refs. given) could not have been communicated through an ordinary musician; nor could the plays of Shakespeare have been poured through a lesser mind than Sir Francis Bacon's."

The central belief is that all religious leaders were mediums

and that Jesus was the greatest medium who was ever incarnated upon earth, and that every word he spoke was transmitted by the mighty inspiring spirits of far higher evolution. It is on this one statement that the whole principles hang.

The last half of the book is entirely destructive of our life to-day. This, admittedly, is not a very difficult task. There is a very real horror of the adjusting of the Commandment to fit ourselves. Killing in particular comes in for harsh criticism; drunken driving, air pollution, by bomb tests and scientific drugs are all seen as potential killers which are given state sanction, and it is the power state which is considered to be the biggest evil. Vegetarianism is advocated, as our excessive intake of food, alcohol and tobacco is damaging the efficiency of our bodies and, therefore, our souls.

The final statement is that on arrival in the spiritual world "one's entire life passes in panorama before eyes no longer blinded by self-justification and rationalisation. Whatever suffering one has inflicted upon others during the life just completed is then experienced oneself; and whatever happiness one has given is returned many times multiplied."

Throughout history there have been cranks who have believed that they were the new Messiah. Few, if any, have claimed Spiritualism as their origin. Few have attempted to put down their beliefs and teachings.

Spiritualism is surrounded by an aura of mystery; not enough is known about it, and what is known is usually misunderstood. It is, above all, superunnatural. Whether this claim is true or false only time will tell. What is disturbing is that just under two thousand years ago another race rejected a man who is recognised now as the Son of God.

DEBATING
BY A FORMER DEBATER

The debating resources of Trinity are impoverished at the moment: the Phil and the Hist teams in the "Irish Times" debates were journeymen compared to such men as Johnson and Keery of only two years ago.

To give credit where it is due, Walmsley and Whittaker of the Phil came third in the competition, and were on the Irish team against the Scottish Universities. Each of them makes poor speeches more often than a professional should; where they scored over Lowry and McConnell of the Hist was in knowing how to appeal to their audience, including the judges, without appearing "know-all" and perhaps slightly scornful.

The case of Clare and Cosgrave of U.C.D. shows how insistent harping on some emotional point can sway an audience. Not that this is necessarily a pattern to be copied; it succeeds because it fits the Irish provincial idea of the "orator" and fits the pattern of "Irish Times" judging. Last year they were third in the "Observer" tournament; it will be a major upset if they defeat Glasgow this year, for Kenneth Harris judges the "Observer" finals, and judges them after the pattern of Glasgow debating — facts, facts, facts.

Considering that the Hist claims to be Trinity's premier debating society, it is surprising that Phil teams seem to do as well, or better, in competitions. It is arguable that Hist individual speakers tend to the southern English pattern, where more mannered speaking is acceptable

and an audience of undergraduates is assumed. In Ireland, only Trinity produces this sort of speaker. Once again, however, the English do it better and more consistently than we do.

If Trinity is caught between the Glasgow and the English stools in style, it certainly cannot retire to the Irish style. Though U.C.D. has a mystique of its own, Belfast, Galway, Cork and the Technical Colleges seem most often to offer compositions of apathy, drunkenness, rudeness, crass interjections, personal insult and disconnected self-apology.

The organisers of the "Irish Times" competition, U.S.I., have more opportunity than anyone else to raise the standard of debate. If they cease to change motions after choosing them; if they ensure that the halls are arranged for a debate, rather than a lecture; if they make sure that the judges know the rules of marking, and if they put a debater in charge of debating, then nothing but good could follow.

The most important thing to be done, however, is to provide good motions and the Scottish-Irish debate was reduced to absurdity, and all the Scottish teams were very bitter about it, by the ridiculous motion down for debate—"That bingo is the boil on the face of an affluent society."

When, even in Ireland, Trinity cannot sweep away the prizes, it can scarcely claim a high debating standard. Of course, informed criticism in the journals would help.

Doesn't Anybody Want?

by
Mirabel Walker

I was never one to look a gift horse in the mouth (or any other kind for that matter), so I do not complain about the long expanse of four months' summer vacation. The trouble is that one feels one must do something worthwhile, as on a fine summer afternoon when you are quite happy playing tiddlywinks or twiddling your thumbs; suddenly an inner voice demands dictatorially that you get out and enjoy it. Out you go, to torture yourself with tennis, or trail off to look at the dear little bunnies frisking in the fields.

One is told, by those just off to Abu Simbel or Samark and on daddy's money, that there are hundreds of things you can do. Like what? you ask yourself, contemplating your overdraft and an advt. for a nanny in Frinton or a waitress in Tonbridge Wells. This summer I decided to be

philanthropic. It was time to do my little for humanity. I saw myself stretching out the hand of comfort containing tins of condensed milk and sweeties to dear little African orphans or being the Bede of Bethnal Green, whose tender smile dispelled the gloom in the lives of the sick and aged. I had two replies to an advt. I put in the Agony Column, one from a Rest Home for Aged Donkeys requiring a "gentle stable-hand" and the other from a widower in New York looking for a housekeeper and would I please send a photograph. I decided regretfully that my philanthropy didn't stretch that far.

Unfortunately, very high qualifications are needed to get any kind of job other than brick-laying which just requires flat feet and a good supply of "navvy-chat." In addition to being "versatile, good-natured, adaptable, willing, conscientious and hard-

working," as one hopefully but inaccurately describes oneself, it seems one must have a degree, speak three languages, drive, preferably one's own car, and in extreme cases know ju-jitsu and play the trampoline. It's no good getting a job on false pretences either. What would you do when, speaking not a word of French, you were confronted by fifty excited Frenchmen waiting to be shown round the Taj Mahal?

It is said that charity begins at home (I, personally, believe more in familiarity breeding contempt) so I suppose one could spend the summer mowing the back lawn and teaching at Sunday School. The prospect appals. Daddy always locks up all the drinks and Mummy is horrified at "that nasty habit of swearing you've brought back from Trinity." Doesn't anyone want "capable girl for summer, willing, go anywhere, do anything"?

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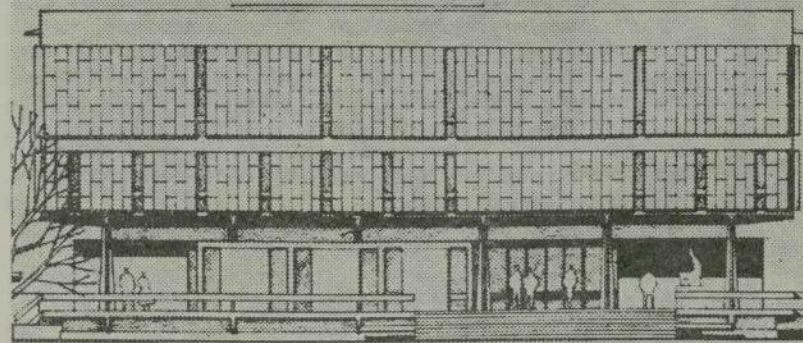
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Sideline

By Robin Knight

Habitues of the Pavilion will have noticed the recent changes that have taken place, but casual spectators may be interested to know the conditions under which they can now drink. The bar, which formerly occupied one end of a long counter facing on to College Park, has been moved and now is placed at the Rugby ground end of the upper room. Curtains have been put up to improve the atmosphere and it is hoped that these improvements will lead to increased takings by the bar, which has become an important source of revenue to D.U.C.A.C. Colin McGarrigle, in charge of drinking for this year, tells me that so far this is only an average year, but he is hoping for a bumper return from Trinity Week.

Five-a-side football returns to College Park on May 18th when the preliminary rounds of this year's competition begin. All entries have to be in by May 8th, and an entrance fee of 5/- is required, payable to either of the organisers, Chris. Meotti or Rick Wormell. Last year over 50 teams took part, the eventual winners being a team from Campbell College. This year, however, they will not be defending the trophy they won as the side has been disbanded. Inside information suggests that Bo-Diddely's Gunslingers (alias the Ping-Pong 5), led by rolling-stone Oakley and backed by the redoubtable Parkinson in goal, will be hard to beat. The organising committee's views on female entries are unknown, but in this

diverse competition it seems unlikely that female emancipation on the sportsfield will be forgotten—especially after the daisy chain exploits of the ladies' cricket team recently.

Many people use the College hard courts and grass courts without paying a Tennis Club subscription. This fact is apparently increasingly evident, as is the strange attire of some players. The Tennis Club needs all the money it is entitled to and by playing tennis inside Trinity one becomes a member of this Club, which also means looking like a tennis player. The Treasurer of the Club is Peter Haughton, who is to be found in No. 34, whilst any ladies with a conscience can pay their subscription to Margaret Sinclair.

Followers of the cricket team will have noticed the absence of last year's captain, Graham Guthrie, from the opening matches of the season. After a

serious illness in the vacation, he is now making a good recovery and one was glad to see him having his first net of the year last week. His experience as an opening batsman is likely to be needed later on during the cup campaign, and we all hope his recovery will continue unchecked during the remainder of term.

Another member of long-standing in the cricket team, final year medical student Tony Wicks, has been turning his talents to other sports lately. Two good wins in the Golf Club's annual handicap event have got him into the quarter-finals. What reaction this has produced amongst the golf team is unknown, but if a giant-killer had been selected from the original entry, the wily Wicks, who plays off 18, would have been at the head of at least one list. So far though, no book-maker has been found to turn this confidence into cash.

BRIDGE

It has always been an amazement as to how Bridge survives the delights of summer. Consider but the parties, beaches, Pimm's and cotton-dresses and one seriously questions the sanity of those who, by their own choice, play on. That they do is a reflection upon their mental state or else upon the fascinations of the game. For them, Bridge is something more than a card game, it is a way of life. The demands for self-restraint could never be more high; rarely is one so much at the mercy of a so-called partner and never can one be so cruelly deceived as one is by one's opponents.

If Bridge is nothing else, it is a study in psychology—take, for instance, this hand which I kibitzed in the Har. Winda Hood's flat a week ago:—

Lady Anrig Hood clutched her cards as greedily as she might a glass of gin. She was satisfied with her inevitable high diamonds. Her daughter, Winda Blizelda, was partnering her ladyship, and, having dealt, bid "One heart." Blizelda's eyes met Freegood's. She glanced towards me. Her ladyship smiled, full well she knew that her daughter's hearts and her own diamonds must win the day.

Peter de Stockville at West seemed unperturbed; as yet he was ignorant of the formidable power of mother and daughter in combination. "Two clubs," he ejaculated, adjusting his green carnation and snapping shut his fancy cigarette case.

"Pretty poy!" mouthed Lord Freegood.

Lady Hood, sensing a struggle, grew excited; her heart palpitated somewhere beneath her immense décolletage. "Three diamonds," she gushed.

"Pass," said Freegood, equally bewildered by Blizelda's dark hair as he was by the game. Blizelda winked at him. He felt he had done right.

"Six hearts," murmured Blizelda. Her eyes of ravishing contempt seemed fixed on the grinning Freegood, though in reality were studying Peter in the mirror.

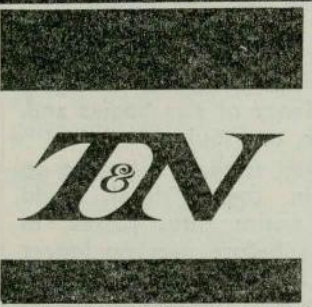
What Peter lacked in skill he more than made up for in guts. "Seven clubs," he snapped.

"Stockville's clubs are all phoney," though Lady Anrig. She was quite calm; perhaps even a little bored by the pretence. No, she would not give him the satisfaction of a penalty double. "Seven diamonds," she brayed.

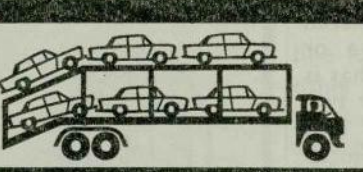
"Eight clubs," gasped Freegood maddened by Blizelda's faun-like eyes.

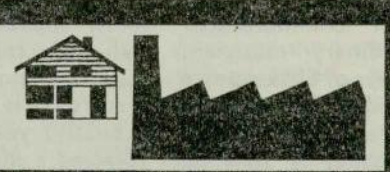
"Dash it, you're mad!" snarled Peter, for this had never happened to him at Oxford. Even so, he was a broken man; the fingers which toyed with the carnation were white and trembling. Freegood's face was scarlet and I saw him eyeing me in the mirror. Yes, I had seen and heard everything, he dared not speak.

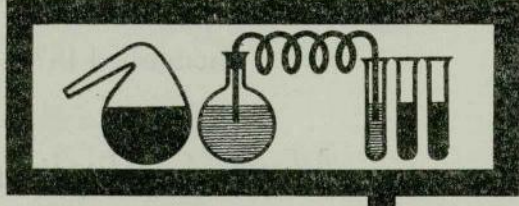
"I believe that to be an 'insufficient bid,'" sighed the gorgeous Blizelda. "I pass." De Stockville did likewise and the play began.



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Rowing

Trinity had a useful win at last Saturday's Liffey Head of the River. For the third consecutive year they are still at the Head of Liffey. Their time was only 2 secs. outside last year's record of 11.45 mins. This was a good effort and it should give D.U.B.C.'s morale a needed boost.

Admirably stroked by C. R. Taylor, Trinity burst off the start and quickly settled down to a rating of 34, which was held over the whole course. The Kingsbridge esse bend was neatly negotiated by A. Gray. At Capel St. Bridge the risk of Portora catching Trinity was reduced on hearing that the latter were 4 seconds up on the former, while this news caused a renewed burst of energy which did not flag till the finish.

The Junior VIII moved up several places to 8th, but they were unable to better the Garda 2nd VIII's time of 12 mins. 15½ secs., which was some 9 secs. faster. The Maiden VIII were seen to be moving very fast and overtook several crews, which was duly acknowledged by their final placing of 15th.

Trinity's next fixture is the Gannon Cup, against U.C.D., on May 16th. Trinity now have a solid win behind them which must be put to good use. Technically and physically they have yet to perfect themselves as an VIII, so that they can get an even better return for their hard-earned work, which started to earn a profit last Saturday.

Senior VIII—Bow, M. Ryder; 2, S. Boyle; 3, N. Rathbone; 4, V. Northwood, capt.; 5, R. Moore; 6, P. Braidwood; 7, M. Clarke; Stroke, R. Taylor.

Athletics

Last Wednesday, Trinity lost the Inter-Club Relays to Crusaders, who won with 61 points, while Trinity were second with 51, Donore third with 41, and Clonliffe and Civil Service in fourth and fifth places. The meeting was not marked by any spectacular performances, possibly because the track was very soft. Trinity suffered from bad luck when they were disqualified in the hurdles; if this disqualification had been disallowed, and Boelens had been jumping in the long jump, Trinity would probably have retained the trophy.

The most important meeting of the season so far is scheduled for Saturday when the Inter-Varsity Championships between Trinity, U.C.D., U.C.C. and U.C.G. will be held in College Park. Last year in Cork, Trinity just lost the Championships to U.C.D. Whatever happens this year, the contest is likely to prove a very close one between Trinity and U.C.D., with Cork also providing a strong team.

If form is anything to go by, then it would appear that there is a slight bias in favour of Trinity; the result may, however, depend on the relay, the last event. Certainly it will be a contest worth watching.

COLLEGE RACES

All names for the Races should be entered on the list at Front Gate by 12th May. Entry fee, 1/- per person, should be paid to S. Austen in No. 7 T.C.D. by the 15th May.

HEAD OF THE LIFFEY



—Photo "Irish Times"

CRICKET

C. Halliday.

Week-end Washout

The wet weather continues to baulk the 1st XI in their League matches. On Sunday the game against Old Belvedere at Cabra suffered the same fate as that with Clontarf the week before, the last of a series of showers, which had already interrupted play twice, finally ending the match at 4.30.

Old Belvedere batted very slowly against accurate bowling by Parker, but Alec O'Riordan, last year's Irish captain, was beginning to time the ball at the end, having made 31 not out, out of his side's score of 56 for three wickets.

The previous day Trinity beat Merrion by 6 wickets in College Park, Naughten finishing off the game by depositing Noble in the rugger field. Trinity's bowling was mostly ordinary, but so was Merrion's batting. They took more than 3 hours to amass 96, their innings finally closing at ten minutes to six. When Trinity batted, one or two batsmen fell to unfortunate strokes, and when Naughten joined the tenacious Parry at 7.50 more than 30 were needed with 4 wickets standing. However, there was no need for anxiety, as these runs came with such a rush that 25 minutes remained when Naughten administered his "coup de grâce."

Meanwhile, the 2nd XI have won both their games so far, by over 100 runs, having met two sides whose batsmen refused to attack the bowling. Against Clontarf, Lane and Kynaston gave Trinity a good start with 65 for the first wicket, and Garst bowled

well, taking 4 for 7 in 19 overs. Jones (48) and Farrell (55) retrieved a careless start against Carlisle, who batted with little character and succumbed to the off-breaks of Meldrum, who took 6 wickets for 8 runs.

D.U.C.C. v. MERRION

MERRION	
D. Parkinson c. Markham b. Bagley	25
D. Noble c. Murray b. Bagley	14
R. Bernstein c. Henderson b. Wicks	9
B. Curley b. Barker	23
J. Bastable b. Bagley	1
S. Curley c. Anderson b. Naughten	9
J. Hopkins c. and b. Parker	2
R. Hogan c. Parry b. Parker	0
T. Burke b. Naughten	4
N. Hayden c. Anderson b. Parker	1
E. Bohane not out	0
Extras	8
Total	96
Bowling—Parker, 4-15; Parry, 0-8; Wicks, 1-29; Bagley, 3-21; Naughten, 2-15.	

TRINITY

B. D. C. Labbett run out	3
C. D. Anderson lbw. b. Bernstein	6
W. E. J. Minns c. Hopkins b. Noble	11
P. D. Parry not out	34
D. C. Henderson c. Hopkins b. Bohane	2
L. H. Markham b. Bernstein	10
P. B. Bagley c. Bohane b. Bernstein	0
A. N. Naughten not out	17
Extras	20
Total (for 6 wickets)	102
Did not Bat—G. E. Murphy, T. A. Parker, A. C. B. Wicks.	
Bowling—Bernstein, 3-26; Noble, 1-47; Bohane, 1-10.	

Squash

Trinity successfully concluded their season on Friday by regaining the Gray Cup, lost last year to Bankers. Playing without handicaps or internationals, each Dublin league team puts out three members and the competition is run on a knock-out basis. Fitzwilliam were beaten 2-1 last week, while Bankers (3-0) and Triflers (Guinness Brewery) (2-0) were defeated this week. C. Sprawson maintained his usual consistent form and D. Budd had two good wins, while R. Merrick pottered around successfully at third string.

Sailing

With the premier Firefly team racing event in Britain, the Wilson Trophy, staged for the last week-end, the Irish competitors—the National and the Royal St. George Yacht Clubs, and D.U.S.C.—put in some hard practice, and on these results and earlier form Trinity's prospects for West Kirby seemed good.

However, they suffered a setback by being beaten in the first round by a none too strong Itchenor Sailing Club team in strong, blustery conditions; any luck going was not with Trinity and they eventually lost by half a point, having been 3½ down on the first race. It must be hoped that they will have learnt from their mistakes by the time of the Irish Universities' Salver next week.

The other Irish entries, unfortunately, fared no better, and even the Trinity graduate team, the élite "Dubliners," went out in the second round. As the meeting progressed the wind increased to a reported 40 knots at times, and in these conditions the Oxford and Cambridge Sailing Society beat the London Hospitals in an exciting final. The greatest Irish successes were perhaps Billy Mooney's stories—three on Saturday and three on Sunday!

Back on the home front, D.U.S.C. Fireflies had a good day on Saturday, taking first two places in their Dublin Bay race. In the Mermaid class both Stella and Gem found themselves unexpectedly at the head of the fleet at one stage, and had they known the course might even have finished well up the fleet. However, Trix, after some bad luck, was our first one in, 8th out of 15.

Tennis

Last Friday, May 1st, saw Trinity's first real competitive match and an almost full-strength side came out of it with honours even. Against Elm Park, the third strongest side in Eire,

Avory, Ledbetter and Mackeown performed creditably. Avory's win against W. Browne of soccer fame puts him in the top 10 of Dublin tennis and if he sustains this performance he should seriously worry J. Murray in the Colours match. Horsley was guilty of serious lapses in concentration in his match against I. Hamid who gained revenge for 6-4, 6-0 thrashing last season. Ledbetter won well and Mackeown showed all his old sparkle in beating J. Mulvey and will be a great asset if he is available for the Colours match providing he gets some match practice. Graham and Haughton disappointed slightly, but as it was the first match on grass, nothing too much should be made of it.

Fencing

Of the 12 members of the Irish Fencing team, three are from Trinity—Frances Alexander, Vernon Armstrong and Ricky Robinson.

Frances Alexander has represented Ireland twice, once in the under 20's World Games at Ghent last year and again a couple of weeks ago in the quadrangular between Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales, won this year by England. She started fencing while at school in Northern Ireland, and still coaches when in the North. At the moment she is ladies' captain of fencing in Trinity.

Ricky Robinson is another Northern Irish fencer in Trinity, having started while at Campbell's College, Belfast. He has twice represented Ireland at sabre, at Ghent and in the last quadrangular.

The third member of the trio is Vernon Armstrong, who is the only one who started his fencing in Dublin. Like the others, he has fought twice for Ireland, also at Ghent and in the last quadrangular. It is largely owing to these three that T.C.D. owes its successes in the last few years, and it is fortunate indeed that we have them. **J. Robinson.**

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NEWS IN BRIEF

Thornley at Laurentian Meeting

At the Laurentian Society meeting on Monday, May 4th, Dr. Thornley outlined the position of the student in Ireland, comparing him with his English counterpart. He pointed out that Irish students were more often the products of a privileged class than of any process of competitive selection. As a result, many of them were less committed to the welfare of their community than the grant-aided British student; equally, as they were scarcely a cross-section of the community, their ideas and their strong feelings were not as yet naturally accepted by the community as representative of something potentially valuable to it. If in addition the Irish student felt frustrated by what he saw as an antiquated educational system and a too-conservative Church, he could not, however, opt out of his own responsibilities either by emigrating or by becoming negatively bitter. If Irish Catholic laymen were dissatisfied with their Church they should endeavour to improve it by making a positive contribution to the lay apostolate, not by sneering from the sidelines. They could begin by getting to know their own community, their own Church, and their own faith better.

New Mss. for Library

During their visit to Trinity last week, the Americans Mr. and Mrs. L. Dickason discussed the question of the donation of some letters, papers and a diary of Wolfe Tone, which are at present in their possession.

The material is being catalogued by the College Library; when the donors receive a full list a detailed announcement about the gift will be made. The diary, dating from Tone's early days as a lawyer, is almost certain to be included and may be the item of most interest to biographers and historians. Contrary to notices in some national newspapers, the letters are unlikely to be included.

Campers Confer

Last Easter three students from Dublin attended a conference of Concordia, the French International Work Camp Association, in preparation for the first Work Camp in Ireland, to be held this July in Glencolumbkille, Co. Donegal. This Work Camp, aided by W.U.S., U.S.I. and U.N.A., is to be made up of volunteers from Holland, France, Germany and the U.S.A., and will be led by Justin Carroll (T.C.D.), helped by Brian Derham (T.C.D.), Brendan Caulfield (U.C.D.) and Elizabeth Magown (T.C.D.).

After the French conference, we hope that we will be capable of running the camp along the lines of the European camps and attract more foreign students to Ireland to spread more camps through the country.

1964 Committee

The 1964 Committee is holding its first public meeting to-morrow evening at 8.15 at the top of No. 5, T.C.D., when Mr. Robert Mathew will address the Society.

Mr. Mathew, who was first elected to the House of Commons as the M.P. for Honiton at the 1955 general election, was for a time Sir Winston Churchill's personal bodyguard. He has been both a member of the British Delegation to the Council of Europe and the Western European Union (in the latter capacity he visited Dublin last year); he was also a delegate to the 28th Assembly of the United Nations.

Mr. Enoch Powell has already accepted an invitation to address the Committee on Friday, 13th November.

LAURENTIAN SOCIETY A.G.M.

The following were elected for the academic year 1964-65:

Chairman, Connor Johnston; Secretary, Julian Hennessey; Treasurer, John Phelan. Committee Members: Peter Bristow, Jackie O'Leary, Lorraine Keeley.

is false, which says that you will not be lowering the moral standards of one who has indulged in extra-marital sex by allowing him to use contraceptives. Such a person will be guilty of what are, objectively speaking, two transgressions, (1) adultery, and (2) the use of a contraceptive.

As to the question "Is it so un-Christian to do this?" the answer is "yes." For Christian charity consists in wishing your neighbour well. And the best one can wish one's neighbour is that he save his immortal soul—not that he should enjoy a life of comparative ease and affluence.—Yours, etc., **Liam T. Byrne.**
2nd Comm., U.C.D.

Sir,—Mr. Newcombe has clearly found a subject upon which he is totally unqualified to adjudicate. His proclamation that "As a Catholic in a Catholic country, I would maintain that Catholics would not use contraceptive methods even if they were available is surely an example of self-righteousness and innocence to the point of naïveté."

What is far more important is to examine the attitude of the Catholic Church on this issue. Never totally opposed to change "per se," the Catholic Church has in the past modified its position on the question of usury, mixed marriages, fasting and abstinence. To-day, there is discussion on the issue of married clergy—there are in fact six married priests. There has been a very human reaction in support of the oral contraceptive, and there is already a suggestion for a modification of attitude towards birth control in general, from within the Church hierarchy.

Surely these facts are much more worthy of note than Mr. Newcomb's socio-philosophical scribbles. When change has been required from the Catholic Church in the past, she has not proved intransigent. Similarly, there is no reason to assume that she will not adapt herself to changes in the future.—Yours, etc., **C. J. Meotti.**

Ferment Explained

Sir,—I wish to correct the impression which the reviewer of "Ferment" in your last issue had perhaps inadvertently conveyed to your readers—namely, that "Ferment" is out to preach and convert people to be friends with us. While admitting that it is contrary to human nature to shun friends and receive enemies with open arms, nevertheless a casual reviewer's assumption is not only preposterous but impertinent. We neither wish to preach nor to convert anyone into anything. All we are trying to do is to present Africa to the outside world as best we can, and gradually to attempt to reveal what "goes on in the African's mind." Since the whole world seems unusually interested in Africa, it is no exaggeration to say that we write on request and that "Ferment" is only a modest contribution to general Africa "Renaissance."

The impact of Africa on world affairs is a phenomenon any intelligent individual cannot afford to ignore. Consequently, the student who is reported to be frankly bored with Africa already, frankly has my deepest sympathy. I only wish I could do more to be of help to him.

Editor of "Ferment."

Capt. Becher

Paddy Prendergast looks to have a pretty strong hold over Saturday's Wills Gold Flake Stakes at Leopardstown with 11 entries — **Khalkis** and **Count Albany** being the two most likely to run—but **Seamus McGrath** entered ten and may run three, **Master Barry**, **All Saved** and **Black Star**. **Master Barry's** second-wind at the Curragh pushed him up for a short head win over a mile, and being by **Court Harwell** he should get the additional four furlongs at Leopardstown.

I though **Black Star's** performance at Naas showed the stamina of a possible **St. Leger** type and if the ground is on the soft side he will be the selection. **All Saved** is beautifully bred, by **Never Say Die** out of **Silken Glider**, and is reported to be the one favoured by the stable despite her absence from a race-course since last season.

Khalkis cannot, of course, be dismissed. He would have been the obvious selection but for the doubt cast on him since his Sandown defeat. **Count Albany** was quite a creditable third to **Gay Challenger** and **Final Move** last year. However, my money will probably be resting on the back of **Glenrowan** who defeated **Cassim** and **Aurelius** at the Curragh over 1½ miles. More light will be shed on this race after seeing how **Cassim** runs in the Ormonde Stakes this afternoon.

Menai may win the first race at Chester. **Solar Charge** has most to fear from last year's winner **Royal Warbler**, locally trained **Blanford Lad** and last year's last **Capabico**. **Orion's Belt** and **The Joker** are the ones I fancy in the 4.15, and **Idomenco** is expected to win the last.

Selections:

Leopardstown, Saturday.—3.0, **Red River Valley**; 3.35, **Red Whistle**; 4.10, **Glenrowan** or **Black Star**, **Khalkis** to be backed heavily for a certain place. 5.20, **China Clipper**. Monday.—6.15, **Vic-a-dee**, **Llongollen Queen** for a place; 6.45, **Some Slipper**. Kempton, to-morrow. — 6.30, **Polyfoto**; 7.30, **Pall-mall Ann**. Stable Whisper—**Clear Wine** at Ayr.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1, Fools Paradise; 9, Elder; 10, Tie; 11, Truro; 12, Ides; 13, Rejoinder; 14, Electors; 15, Lead Us; 19, Intern; 20, Cauldron; 22, Unadorned; 24, Diem; 25, Alibi; 26, Let; 27, Alien; 28, An Eye for an Eye.

DOWN

2, Odd One Out; 3, Lariat; 4, Arises; 5, Detainer; 6, Squid; 7, Perpendicular; 8, Corresponding; 10, Terror; 16, Depravity; 17, Priority; 18, Traditor; 20, Cede; 21, La Main; 23, Anion.

There will be another "Trinity News" Crossword Next Week.

LUNCHEONS

AT

Ray's Restaurant

TELL 7 P.M.

PERSONAL

ORGAN ENTHUSIASTS' GROUP will visit Maynooth College on Saturday, 9th May. Party leaves Front Gate at 2.15. All welcome.

JOSEPH GROOCOCK will give a lecture-recital entitled "Bach's 48 Preludes and Fugues" on Saturday, 9th May, in No. 5 at 8 p.m. Admission free.

BOB HORLIN wishes it to be known that he is not going around with **Rosemary Gibson**.

ROSEMARY GIBSON wishes it to be known that she is not going around with **Bob Horlin**.

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POLAND BY DORMOBILE, July 31st to August 21st. £43 return inclusive of visas, beds, food in Poland. West de Wend Fenton, Eberston Hall, Scarborough, Yorkshire.

START Trinity Week with a Splash! Enter for the Club IV's Race at Trinity Regatta, Friday, Saturday, 22nd-23rd May.

THIS AFTERNOON and to-morrow at 4.15, Players present three unusual one-act plays, "Jacques" by Ionesco, "Then" by David Compton and "Orison" by Arrabal.

"James Bond"

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AND BARS

LETTERS

Two Views on Newcombe

Sir,—I must disagree with the third paragraph of Mr. Newcombe's argument. Firstly, the main argument of the Church against the selling of contraceptives—and, therefore, the use of them—is not, as he has said, that it would encourage extra-marital sex. This argument is purely ancillary and in no way essential. The principal reason why Roman Catholicism opposes contraception is because she believes that it frustrates the primary purpose of sex—namely, the procreation of human beings—and places a secondary purpose—the pleasure which exists to induce people to undertake the responsibilities of parenthood, and compensates them for so doing—first. Just as the use of emetics, which frustrate the primary purpose of eating and promote the secondary purpose of pleasure, is immoral so too is the use of the pill.

Since the use of contraceptives is immoral, it therefore follows that Mr. Newcombe's argument

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